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The Union Depot bill was signed by the Governor yesterday.

The Washington hotels are already full from cellar to garret.

Council proceedings last night were unusually interesting and important. Read them.

The members of the Illinois Legislature used the Senatorial question only to amuse their odd hours. More than 500 bills were introduced during the by-play.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN SAYS: "You may burn me in effigy; you can't burn my principles. I was in the South during slavery; there was no such bulldozing as I have had in the North."

The Mayor last night introduced "the City Hall and Market House bill" into the City Council. A full report of that and other matters are reported in another column of this morning's Sentinel.

EXPERT DYNAMITERS are experimenting in the mountains of Pennsylvania. An infernal machine of phenomenal destructive power has been perfected. It is to be hoped that they will select the mountains when they conclude to touch it off.

A BOURBON, as defined by the Atlanta Constitution, is a man who is in earnest when he votes the Democratic ticket. In this connection we may be permitted to suggest that a Bourbon Republican is one who is eternally singing the "song of the shirt"—the bloody one at that.

It is pleasant to understand that the incoming President will find the White House in good condition. Mr. Arthur has taken unusual good care of it and is employing his time now "putting the scratches" and giving the furniture a few last touches with the feather duster. This forethought will be kindly remembered.

THE BOSTON CONGREGATIONALIST illustrates the difference between greatness and personal magnetism. It says: "Washington may not have been as great by nature as some other Americans who have lived since his day, but it depends much upon what is meant by 'greatness.' Certainly he was not 'magnetic' to use a popular term."

THE good people of Winamac don't propose to be jugged by any swindling, wandering showman. A dispatch says that two "advance agents" elaborately billed the town, announcing the "Lights of London" at the Opera House Saturday night, and drew a full house. The two men attempted to palm off a magic lantern show, and the audience mobbed them, dragged them into the streets, and were taking them to the river when the Sheriff and a posse rescued them and lodged them in jail, where they were glad to remain until the mob disbanded.

It is said in Washington that Mr. Arthur did his level best to have General Swain dismissed from the army that his position might be filled by his friend Sharpe, who now draws \$7,500 a year as Chairman of the South American Commission, but has never lifted a finger in the work of that body, whose other members are now in Venezuela. The Court Martial, by its refusal to obey the President's wishes, has relieved the country from the constant burden of Sharpe. Friend Sharpe should be satisfied with \$7,500 per annum. That sounds like a good deal of money in this part of the country.

We have all been so engrossed in political matters for almost an entire year that the fact of the Old Testament being under revision by a committee of scholars had well nigh escaped attention. It was determined that the new edition should be published on the 1st of March. A New York special of March 1 says: "This is really the date that was fixed on as the time for the simultaneous issue of the revised Old Testament in Great Britain and the United States, but as March 1 comes on the Sabbath, the issue is postponed until to-morrow or next day. Biblical scholars and divines generally have been anxiously awaiting the publication of the revision. It is confidently expected that it will be a greater demand and meet with better success financially than the revised New Testament. So much more of interest attaches to the Old Testament on account of the difference of opinion in regard to various translations of certain words, phrases, etc., on disputed theological points that all theologians and canonical authorities are curious to see and study what new light is thrown on these questions by this late revision, and it is believed that there will be

many changes in the most important parts of the book that will provoke extensive discussion. For other reasons a heavy demand for the revision is anticipated."

MORE SQUINTING.

The Journal of yesterday, with one optic on the conflict of the Republican party, which will be screwed down to-morrow, casts the other upon the past of that party under heading of "A Look Backward."

For whatever reason our neighbor may find in throwing an eye over its party's path we would have only congratulation if, only, it would not fasten into a habit against which we have already cautioned it: if, only, it would not squint.

It is solely for the purpose of squaring the scales and trimming the bevels reflected by the Journal's squinting, backward eye that we copy and comment upon one or two of the heroic passages of the editorial mentioned. Its opening sentence, though diffidently, concedes a truth which after weary months of uncertainty has finally found lodgment in the Journal's head. It reads: "At present the days of Republican ascendancy are numbered."

That is not an abrupt statement calculated to stun the Journal's patrons. It is a gentle, feather-belly letting down. It is a soft and poetic—not unakin in style to Mrs. Leo Hunter's "Ode to an Expiring Frog." This is followed by a no less sylvan confession that: "When the sun shall have risen and set, and risen and set again, the affairs of this great Nation will have passed into other hands."

Though in more measured language, and with sweetness longer drawn out, the last sentiment is doubtless inspired by the inscription beneath the Sentinel rooster, which, by the thousands, creased over the State after the election, in two brief words, namely: "Got 'em!"

From the Journal's Pegasus review of Republican past-war demi-gods we extract this allusion to the election of 1876:

Again the Republican party chose for its leader a gallant and efficient soldier, and a most determined and shrewd effort was made by the Democratic nominee and his tools to rob him of his election.

This reference will at last revive a dimming memory of the husband of a once distinguished lady of the White House, now engaged in propagating chickens over in Ohio. But, proceeding, our neighbor says:

The armies that rescued the Nation from Democratic treason and rebellion were essentially Republican. From the Commander-in-chief to rank and file, they were men imbued with the Republican ideal, wholly consecrated to the accomplishment of the aims of the Republican party. Every skirmish, every battle fought for liberty and Union, was fought by Republicans and against Democrats. Those who did for the immortal principles upon which the party was founded died Republican Republicans blood.

discolored the chains of slavery and reemancipated the shattered Union.

It is here that the Journal's backward optic squints. It may be that the Journal does not comprehend the meaning of plain English words; such, for instance, as "essentially." It may be that the Journal has no regard for the truth, and so, squints designedly at misrepresentation. At any rate, these latter statements are unfair, biased, unjust and untrue.

To begin with, the movement to suppress the attempt at secession was not a party movement, but a national one. When Sumner was fired upon, no question of Whiggery, Democracy or Republicanism weighed in the alacrity with which the men of the North volunteered to preserve the integrity of the Union. "The armies that rescued the Nation" were not "essentially" Republican; they were composed of citizen-soldiers who had, largely, voted for John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge. "From the Commander-in-chief to rank and file they were men imbued with" the national idea that the Union must be preserved, but it is a squint, this, that General W. S. Hancock, Slocum, Rosecrans, John C. Black, Mahlon D. Manson and other heroes of the war were "wholly consecrated to the aims of the Republican party." They and scores of thousands of Democratic privates fought with Republican officers and soldiers for the national idea that the Union must be preserved, which was no less strong in Joseph E. McDonald, Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana in 1884, than in Oliver P. Morton, the Republican candidate. As false a squint at falsehood is the assertion that "every skirmish, every battle fought for liberty and Union was fought by Republicans and against Democrats," and that other, that "those who died" * * * died Republicans," etc. The truth is, there was not a battle, nor even an important skirmish, fought during the war by Union soldiers, in which Democratic valor was not prominent. Nor were all who fought on the Southern side Democrats. There were thousands of the Confederate soldiery who were Whigs up to the beginning of the war, throughout the war, and declared themselves Whigs still upon their return home in 1865. And a demonstration of the falsity of this sweeping claim for the Republican party in the war is had in the considerable number of Democrats who are members of the Grand Army of the Republic to-day.

Such squinting as this to which we have taken exception may be orthodox partisanism, but it certainly has not the merit of veracity. And we submit that it is by just such misrepresentations as those quoted that Republicans have been made to lose faith in their party organs and speakers. It is this largely to which is due the fact that "at present the days of Republican ascendancy are numbered." Again we counsel our contemporary: Do not squint.

A GREAT DEMAND.

There is doubtless a demand for a big man for the Treasury Department. It needs a complete overhauling, as we have remarked frequently before. We have an idea that there has been more Republican rascality and "soundgery" perpetrated in that department than in any other under the Government. The proofs may have all been destroyed and the tracks too well covered up to be ever discovered, yet we hope that strenuous efforts may be made by the incoming Secretary, whoever he may be, in

the direction indicated. The New York Sun, we are glad to observe, keeps pounding away in the same line. Yesterday it referred to the matter again and said: "The new Secretary of the Treasury should enter upon his duties as if he were the new manager of a business house whose clerks had been defaulters and swindlers. He should at once surround himself with new men in whose character he has confidence, and for whose conduct he is willing to be held responsible. The more employees of the old establishment he keeps the more trouble he will have in introducing a regime of order and honesty and capability. He can find Democrats just as good as the best Republicans, and less likely to try and cover up the tracks of Republican corruption. We have had a Republican Treasury through and through, and the country is sick of it. Now let the control of the Treasury be thoroughly Democratic."

That is the correct way to state it—"the country is sick of it." Let no foolish notions about "civil service reform" keep the Secretary from making a thorough overhauling of the entire department, and to this end let him gather about him a new Democratic force, determined to hunt out the least and last vestige of corruption.

"LITTLE MAC"

There is some talk in Washington of giving General McClellan a first-class mission abroad, while others say he will go into the Cabinet. We learn through one of those wonderful special dispatches that are constantly ditting over the wires from the East to the Republican papers of the West that Mr. Cleveland is under special obligations to General McClellan; that he is the only prominent man from whom Cleveland asked a personal favor during the Presidential campaign. It is only valuable in this connection to show to what straits the Republican correspondents are sometimes put to meet the demands of the party for something new and peculiar, if not sensational. The circumstances as the story goes were that Purcell, the New York editor who deserted Cleveland, had agreed to preside at a Democratic mass-meeting in Rochester if Cleveland himself would sit on the platform. The great Blaine business-men's demonstration took place in New York about this time, and the Democratic managers imperatively demanded Cleveland's presence in that city at a similar parade as an offset to the Republican boom. The day fixed upon was that of the Rochester meeting. Cleveland could not be in both places at once, and could afford neither to refuse Purcell's flag of truce nor stay away from New York. In his dilemma he appealed to McClellan, who was the only man whose presence in place of the Presidential candidate would satisfy Purcell. McClellan was booked to speak at Morristown that evening, but after some negotiations consented to break that engagement and go in Cleveland's place to Rochester. He there made the Purcell meeting a great success, while Cleveland in New York revived his boom. Those who should be in McClellan's confidence say that the real object of his ambition is not a Cabinet office, but an appointment abroad, and well-informed men speak of him as the next Minister to Rome. It would seem that General McClellan would need no such a brand of credit as outlined in the foregoing to recommend him to the good offices and favorable consideration of the incoming administration. The General has been the candidate of the grand old Democratic party for the Presidency, and that is sufficient. His ambition will probably be gratified, if within the power of Mr. Cleveland, without any reference to the incident of having at one time presided over a Democratic meeting in Rochester.

The crowd at the inauguration is going to be something wonderful. A Washington correspondent says: "The managers of the trunk lines anticipate such a rush of travel that they have ordered the regular heavy freight trains to be withdrawn from the roads approaching Washington from to-morrow until March 6. Only light freight carrying necessary market supplies are to be permitted to enter the city. The manager of the Baltimore and Ohio has completed a new series of telegraph stations between Washington and Baltimore, so that on the line of that road there is now a system of block signals every four miles. Notwithstanding no organizations have arrived, the crowd already seems to have taken possession of the town. The hotels are crowded. Newcomers are only admitted upon the most severe conditions that they will vacate at certain fixed hours."

A SPECIAL to one of the Republican organs kindly measures off an acre or two of the public pasture field—tunes Mr. Cleveland in and gives the opinion that he can do as he pleases there without hurting anybody's feelings. That is, there are 600 offices to fill, with salaries amounting to \$1,500,000. Now he can fill these offices, and in the charming words of the special, "It will be entirely legitimate in the strictest sense of the civil service reformer, to appoint 600 persons to office, with a total salary of \$1,500,000. This is quite too kind. When the Republican party went into power they turned over every Democrat they could get their hands upon, that they could do without, and it was not very long in finding that they could get along without anybody that was not a true-blue Republican. Very few Democrats escaped the guillotine.

Although an editor, says the Inter-Ocean of Mr. Manning, "he is merely a scurrilous, and not a dignified, astute, or accomplished journalist." This is grossly inaccurate. We have never known an editor less scurrilous or more dignified or astute than Mr. Manning. He never sacrifices decorum or dignity to a critic, and his opponents or in maintaining the cause he has espoused. After a considerable experience in the controversies of journalism and of politics, we do not hesitate to say that we never knew a combative writer more of public affairs in more moderate, judicious, or gentlemanly. These qualities Mr. Man-

ning pre-eminently displayed in the recent National canvass. To him and to his astute and accomplished management, Mr. Cleveland's nomination was due; and yet, when the election was over, though after a most passionate contest, the candidate had succeeded by a slender plurality which barely fulfilled the requirements of the law, and though the Democracy of New York had been profoundly divided in the struggle, so that those who resisted Mr. Manning were scarcely less numerous than those who went with him, yet this successful manager had just as many friends and just as few enemies as when the battle was first joined. Indeed, he probably had more friends and fewer enemies; and what is true of him is equally true of the Albany Argus, the journal he controls.

We submit that, in view of facts like these, the remarks of the Inter-Ocean are conspicuously untrue; and so, too, are the remarks of that other prominent Republican journal of the West, the Pioneer-Press of Minneapolis, which avers that Mr. Manning is "a machine politician of the most pronounced and dangerous type, and should not be permitted to meddle with the affairs of Government in an official capacity."

This is nonsense run wild, and those who know Mr. Manning best will join us in the opinion that, looking the whole country through, Mr. Cleveland could hardly make a more judicious appointment than that of which these Republican journals so violently and unjustly condemn.

"Seen to a Funeral To-day" (Bangor Commercial.)

A man by the name of Brown left a village in this State about two years ago. Last week he returned, and as he was strolling down the street of his native village he met a former by the name of Smith, who was not prosperous when he left, and lived just outside the village. Brown was surprised to see the stranger attired in a dress-suit, with a silk hat and a big diamond ring flashing in his shirt front, and he inquired: "Been to a funeral to-day?" "Why, bless you, no."

"No? I see you have got on your best clothes; are you farming yet?" "Farming? Well, I should say not. I am running a roller-skating rink down here."

"What's the matter?" "Oh, he's running a rink."

"And your daughter Lizzie?" "She is skating under the management of Tom Jones in the Maine rink."

"And your wife?" "She skipped out with Professor Meechin, an instructor which I hired when I first opened the rink."

"Is Elder Longerson preaching here still?" "No, he resigned from the ministry and is now a rink instructor."

"Who's preaching in the place?" "Nobody."

"What's the matter?" "Church turned into a skating rink."

"You don't say so?" "Yes, true as preaching."

"Where's Bill Best, the grocery man?" "He went out of business a year ago. He's got the ice cream stand down in my rink."

"Pshaw! Where's Auld Billy Backon and Deacon Schultzer?" "Why, dang it, they're traveling around visiting rinks, doing the old man and woman act on skates. I tell you they're immense."

"Say, Dan, what became of your old shepherd dog, Cairo?" "Darned if the dog didn't get the fever, and one day he sneaked up to the place where I kept skates to hire, put on a pair and rolled on the floor just as nice as any human being, when all at once his hind pair of skates got mixed up with his tail, which tripped him up, and he fell back and broke his neck."

"Poor dog." "Gosh, I can't help crying when I think of his sad and tragic end."

"Is there anybody left in this town who does not skate?" "Yes."

"Who are they?" "Up in the cemetery on the hill."

A Chip of the Old Block. (Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Sam Randall, Jr., is, politically speaking, "a chip of the old block." He is only 12 years of age, but has already established a reputation for political cleverness among the boys of Capitol hill by having one of his chums appointed a page in the House.

The young man is now rejoicing in an autograph letter from the President-elect. He is probably one of the few persons in Washington thus honored. Before the election, Sammy addressed Mr. Cleveland an epistle assuring him of his warm support, while regretting that the boys of Capitol hill made it rather hot for him by their enthusiastic support of Mr. Blaine.

Sammy was somewhat chagrined at not getting an early reply, but excused it on the suggestion of his father that the new President drives up from the Capitol on the 4th of March and cheer for Cleveland and Hendricks.

Lincoln Forgave Him. (Ben Perley Poor in Boston Budget.)

One of Mr. Lincoln's announcements was the claim advanced for having first suggested his nomination as President. One of these claimants, who was the editor of a weekly paper published in a little village in Missouri, called at the White House, and was admitted to see Lincoln's personal secretary, who commenced stating to Mr. Lincoln that he was the man who first suggested his name for the Presidency, and pulling from his pocket an old, worn, defaced copy of his paper, exhibited to the President an item on the subject. "Do you really think," said Mr. Lincoln, "that announcement was the occasion of my nomination?" "Certainly," said the editor, "the suggestion was so opportune that it was at once taken up by other papers, and the result was your nomination and election."

"Ah! well," said Mr. Lincoln, with a sigh, and assuming a rather gloomy countenance, "I am glad to see you and to know this, but you will have to excuse me, I am just going to the War Department to see Mr. Stanton."

"Well," said the editor, "I will walk over with you. The President, with that apt good nature so characteristic of him, took up his hat and said: 'Come along.' When they reached the door of the Secretary's office Mr. Lincoln turned to his companion and said: 'I shall have to see Mr. Stanton alone, and you must excuse me,' and taking him by the hand he continued, 'good-by. I hope you will feel perfectly easy about having nominated me; don't be troubled about it; I forgive you.'"

No Fool to Exchange. At a recent dinner party in London a discussion arose concerning the exchange of genius between England and the United States. For every actor, singer, lecturer or person of note sent here by England, the United States made a return. There was Booth for Irving, Mary Anderson for Ellen Terry, Patti for Nilsson, as Patti really belonged to us first; Joe Jefferson for Sothard,

and so on. At length Alma Tadema, who was one of the guests, said: "England is one ahead of the United States. We sent Oscar Wilde over there, but she had no fool to send back."

Arthur Preparing to Evacuate. [Washington Special to Evening Graphic.] The greater part of President Arthur's personal effects have been removed to New York. His private horses and carriages, books, paintings and furniture have been sent away and the private part of the White House is now quite bare. Women have already begun to clean up, and by the last of the month the Executive Mansion will be ready for its new tenant. Mr. Arthur, it is said, will leave here early on the afternoon of March 4 and be in New York that evening, where he will be informally welcomed back by some old personal friends, who will entertain him at dinner afterwards. A personal friend of his here says Mr. Arthur thinks of taking a European tour next summer, and may spend two years abroad. There are reports floating around about his being engaged to be married within a few months, and this contemplated tour may be the honeymoon. The name of the lady is not mentioned, but it is said to be Miss Frelinghuysen.

A Poet's Mistake. "Shall I put a small or big head on this article?" asked the telegraph editor. Just then a poet timidly opened the door and the managing editor sang out: "Put a big head on it!" The poet ducked back and went rapidly down stairs.

Mrs. William Warren, residing in the town of Austin and recently from Illinois, has in her possession some interesting relics of the battle of Bunker Hill. A sword, carried by James Warren, a cousin of General Joseph Warren; a pocketbook and a pair of silver shoe buckles belonging to the same; also a piece of Continental scrip, St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press.

General Hatch, who, with some of his officers, has been several days at Wichita, Kan., started south yesterday to be in readiness for the new boom which is to start for Oklahoma on the 8th of March.

Indiana Inventors. A weekly list of United States patents issued to the inventors of Indiana for the week ending February 24, 1885, and each patent in the list will bear that date. Reported expressly for the Indianapolis Daily Sentinel by A. H. Evans & Co., American and foreign patent solicitors, Washington, D. C. Charge for obtaining a patent, \$20. A copy of the patent laws sent free on application. Bissell, T. M., South Bend, plow. Davis, J. P., New Trenton, extension ladder and fire escape.

DeShane, James, South Bend, automatic cut-out for electric apparatus. Ellis, C. W., Valparaiso, gate. Goddard, C. R., Hammond, apparatus for sawing railway tracks.

Junier, G. D., Terre Haute, spark arrester. Koch, William, Lawrenceburg, carter. Lynn, M. N., Rising Sun, steam engine; electric lamp; valve gear for steam engine; steam engine; electric lamp for locomotives.

Meinhardt, Henry, Peru, merchandise holder. Moore, M. R., Indianapolis, machinery for making molds for castings, reline. Osborne, J. H., Union City, neck yoke. Owen, J. W. and W. H., Osgood, Illinois, and A. C. Boswell, Fowler, Indiana, loaves.

Park, J. S., Rockport, spark arrester. Rowlett, J. V., Richmond, band-sawing machine. Sandage, J. R., South Bend, axle pin. Simpson, W. M., New Ridge and W. Carter, Jonesborough, pessary.

Stevenson, T. H., Greensburg, tool for corrugating rolls. Ulrich, Frederick, Peru, wagon axle truss. Watts, Charles, Logansport, signal light, relays, etc.

Wooley, L. G., Indianapolis, housing electric arc lamp.

The Military Carnival. The Military Carnival will begin at the new armory on College avenue Tuesday evening, the 10th. The Lyra orchestra and chorus, comprising over eighty ladies and gentlemen, will furnish the entertainment. Wednesday evening will be military night; exhibition drills by the Indianapolis Light Infantry, Emmet Guards, Richardson Zouaves, Indianapolis Light Artillery, and Richardson Broom Brigade, interspersed with grand military tableaux. Thursday night a splendid programme, embracing nearly all the Indianapolis musical talent, accompanied by Miller's orchestra. Friday night the grand ball will be held. The armory will be open for visitors every day after Tuesday. Every person in the city should see the collection of war relics, battle flags, coats of arms, etc., and the collection of natural history. Saturday afternoon the school children will be admitted for ten cents. Refreshments will be served each day and evening.

The Police Board. There was a meeting of the Police Commissioners yesterday afternoon. The new Commissioner, Mr. Thomas Coker, presented his credentials and took his seat. The resignation of Alfred Isaacs was received, and Patrick Davis, ex-parte, was appointed regular patrolman. Police powers were granted Isaacs and D. J. Conner, merchant policemen, while detective powers were given William W. Turpin, who fills that position on the Bee Line.

Arrested for Forgery. William V. Prout, collector and book-keeper for Cleveland & Powell, real estate agents, was arrested yesterday by Captain Colbert for forgery and embezzlement. It was discovered that he was making his returns of rents collected and signing names to receipts. The amount of his shenanigans is about \$80. Prout admitted the truth of the charge and begged for mercy. He is twenty-six years of age and lives at 331 Marion street.

Probably a Mistake. Yesterday evening a woman giving the name of Mrs. Gray complained she had been robbed of her ticket worth \$15, and of \$3.50, by a porter on the Big Four train. She said she was on her way to Omaha to join her husband and had no other money. Afterwards she said she had been robbed of \$1, and still later she put the amount at \$1.50, and said her name was Kate Conley.

Attacked Elm Without Reason. Councilman Downey at the meeting of that body last evening called the attention of his colleagues to the fact that the Journal had attacked him without cause or reason, accusing him of being one of the members who was seldom in his seat, but was always around to draw his pay. All of this he said was false.

Gospel meeting again to-night at Y. M. C. A. rooms, commencing at 7:30 o'clock. Open to all.